Solitary Confinement - maybe he's losing his grip on reality

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Solitary Confinement - maybe he’s losing his grip on reality

by reid_simp

Summary

He slept on the floor last night. He was too full of lead to make it to the bed. It’s not much comfier anyway.

It’s quiet in his house. He can’t hear the normal sounds of snow falling at this time of year, or the dogs snoring. No matter how deep into his own mind he goes, the sounds and smells are that of a mental hospital.

The same walls every day. Three walls and a row of bars. Never light enough to see details on the wall opposite the bars. The only light coming through the small window. Most of the time It's just him and the moon. It’s a cage. It's not a mental hospital room, it’s not even a prison cell. It’s a cage. His only break being locked in a smaller cage.

He’s never had a particularly comfortable bed, having moved downstairs to sleep with the dogs and near the front door in case of emergency. He'd got a proper bed upstairs, but never had the chance to move it down. he wonders if he’ll ever see the dogs again.

He closes his eyes, sending himself back to the house. Fishing stopped working a while ago, after them bodies turned up in the water. He’s been going on walks with the dogs, but he always ends up at Hannibal’s office. And so, he’s started staying at his house, and ignoring the doorbell that’s starting ringing, the silhouette of Hannibal behind the door.

Yesterday he screamed for three hours. He was right when he said to Alana he didn’t think he’d be able to stop. At first, the guards got annoyed. Then one of the crooked ones came and beat him until he stopped. He put him in a straightjacket and shoved fabric in his mouth and beat him until he passed out.

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Chilton came a few hours ago but he wouldn’t come close to the bars so they couldn’t put on handcuffs to take him to medical, or the appointment he was supposed to have with Chilton.

“Will?” Alana’s voice. She's sounded weird the last few visits. She's stopped talking with him about the outside, about the dogs, about cases. He gets it, but Will isn’t sure if that’s what he needs. He thinks he’d be better left alone to rot. The walls to keep him company.

He doesn’t reply. He's curled up on the floor today, his position of choice for the day. Facing away from the bars. She can’t see that he’s crying silently. He almost can’t tell when he’s in his head, only the feeling of tears sliding down his face to remind him.

The concrete floor almost feels like that of his basement. Like he’s gone down to get some fish from the freezer. Maybe the pain is because he fell down the stairs, rather than the truth.

Apparently, he’s getting good at hiding from the truth. Well, that’s what everyone believes. He simply cannot believe he has the capacity to do what he’s accused of. But he supposes denying only makes him look more guilty.

“Will, you there?” He doesn’t reply but shifts slightly. “Chilton said you won’t let them take you to medical.” She takes a pause. “I’m worried you’re hurt, Will. When you get out of here, you’re going to have to walk the dogs. You can’t do that if you have unhealed injuries, can

you?” Still, Will doesn’t reply. Can't trust anyone. Can't trust Hannibal. Can't trust Chilton. Can’t trust Alana. “Chilton’s fired the guy who did this to you, Will. I guess he’s not all bad.”

She’s trying to joke, but Will can hardly hear her. His ears feel he’s trying to hear through concrete, words morphing into the next. He thinks maybe there’s blood in his ear or something. Or maybe he’s just losing his grip on reality. He hopes not; last time he did that he winded up here. Although, he supposes he can’t really lose time down here; time doesn’t exist down here. “Will, if you’re not going to see their doctors, will you just show me you’re alright? Stand up and take your shirt off; I just want to see that you’re okay.”

It takes Will three minutes to stand up, and another two and a half to take off his shirt.

He can’t look her in the eyes because he feels like a monster. He must be a monster if a guard felt the need to do this. He'd gone feral shouting, screaming like a beast, and he got subdued.

“Okay, it looks mostly superficial. If I get some antiseptic and towels, will you clean yourself up?” Will nods slowly, head heavy. Then he loses track of time, tries to take himself back to the house but it’s getting harder and harder now. When Alana returns, he uses all his energy to clean himself up with what she gives him.

She tries to talk to him further, but he hasn’t got anything left in him.

He's got nothing left.

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